THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, November 18, 1805.

Account of the earlier Part of the Life of Marmontel.

[From his Memoirs, written by himself.]

I Was the eldest of a great number of children; my father, a little severe, but essentially kind, under a rough and stern exterior, loved his wife to adoration; and with reason; my tender mother was the worthiest and most interesting of women, and most amiable in her family.

I never could imagine how, with the simple education of our little convent at Bort, she had acquired so much polish of mind and so much elevation of soul, and particularly in her language and style, a feeling of propriety so just, so delicate, so fine, that it appeared in her to be the pure instinct of taste. My good bishop of Limoges, the virtuous Coetlosquet, has often spoken to me, at Paris, with the tenderest interest, of the letters my mother had written to him to recommend me to his kindness.

My father had as much veneration as love for her. He only reproached her for her weakness for me, and this weakness had one excuse; I was the only one of her children that she had suckled; her too frail health no more permitted her to fulfil so gentle a duty. Her mother was not less fond of me; I think, I now see the good little old woman: what a charming temper! what sweet and smiling gaiety! She was the housekeeper, the mistress of the family, and gave us all an example of filial tenderness; for she too had her mother and her husband's mother, on whom she lavished her attentions. I am going rather far back when I talk of my great-grand-mothers, but I well remember that, at the age of eighty, they were still living, drinking

their glass of wine by the fire-side, and recollecting old times, of which they told us wonders.

Add to the family three sisters of my grand-mother, and the sister of my mother, my aunt, who is still living; it was in the midst of these women, and of a swarm of children, that my father found himself alone.

With a very little property we all subsisted. Order, domestic arrangement, labour, a little trade, and above all, frugality, kept us in comfort. The little garden produced nearly as many vegetables as the consumption of the family required; the orchard afforded us fruit; and our quinces, our apples, and our pears, preserved with the honey of our bees, were, in winter, most exquisite breakfasts for the good old women and the children. The little flock of sheep, that were folded at Saint Thomas, now clothed the women, and now the children, with their wool; my aunts spun it; they spun too the hemp of the field that furnished us with linen; and the evenings, when, by the light of a lamp nourished by the oil of our nut-trees, the young people of the neighbourhood came to peel our fine hemp with us, formed an exquisite picture. The harvest of the little farm assured our subsistence; the wax and honey of the bees that one of my aunts carefully attended to, formed a revenue that cost but little; the oil pressed from our green walnuts, had a taste and smell that we preferred to the flavour and perfume of that of the olive. Our buck-wheat cakes, moistened, smoaking hot, with the good butter of Mont d'Or were a delicious treat to us. I know not what dish would have appeared to us better than our turnips and our chestnuts; and in a winter's evening, while these fine turnips were roasting round the fire, and we heard the water boiling in the vase where our chestnuts were cooking, so relishing and so sweet, our hearts palpitated with joy. I well remember too the perfume that a fine quince used to exhale, when toasting beneath the ashes, and the pleasure our grandmother used to have in dividing it among us. The most moderate of women made us all gluttons. Thus, in a family where nothing was lost, trivial objects united made plenty, and left but little to expend in order to satisfy all our wants. In the neighbouring forests there was an abundance of dead wood of little or no value; my father was permitted to take his annual provision there. The excellent butter of the mountain, and the most delicate cheeses were common and cost but little; wine was not dear, and my father himself drank of it soberly.

But, however, though extremely moderate, the expence of the house did not fail to be nearly the measure of our little revenue; and when I should be placed at the college, the foresight of my father exaggerated the expences of my education; beside he considered the time that was given to study as but ill employed;

employed; he used to say that Latin only made sluggards. Perhaps too, he had some presentiment of the misfortune we experienced in seeing ourselves deprived of him by a premature death; and by making me early embrace a profession whose utility should be less tardy and less uncertain, he might think to leave in me a second father to his children. Yet, pressed by my mother, who was passionately desirous that at least her eldest son should receive a classical education, he consented to take me to the school at Mauriac.

Loaded then with caresses, bathed with gentle tears, and charged with benedictions, I set out with my father: I rode behind him, and my heart beat with joy; but it beat too with alarm when my father said to me "they have promised me, my dear boy, that you shall be admitted into the fourth class; if you are not, I shall bring you back again, and all will be over." Judge how I trembled when I appeared before the master who was to decide my fate. Fortunately, it was the good Father Malosse, to whose kindness I am so much indebted: there was in his look, in the sound of his voice, in his physiognomy, a character of benevolence so natural, and so feeling, that his first approach announced a friend to the stranger who addressed him. After having received us with that touching grace, and invited my father to come back and learn the success of the examination I was about to undergo, seeing me still timid, he began by encouraging me; he then gave me an exercise as a trial; this exercise was full of difficulties that to me were insoluble. I did it ill, and after having read it, "Child (said he to me), you are very far from being fit to enter this class; you will even find it difficult to be admitted into the fifth." I began to cry. "Then I am lost (said I to him); my father has no desire to let me continue my studies; he has only brought me here in complaisance to my mother, and he declared to me on the road that, if I were not admitted into the fourth, he would take me home again: that would be very hard on me, and very afflicting to my mother! ah! for pity's sake, take me; I promise you, my father, to study so hard, that you shall shortly be fully satisfied with me." The master, touched with my tears and my good will, admitted me; and told my father not to be unhappy about me, for he was sure I should do well."

I was lodged, as was the custom of the school, with five other scholars, at an honest mechanic's in the town; and my father, sad enough to return without me, left me there with my packet and provisions for the week: these provisions consisted in a large loaf of rye bread, a little cheese, a piece of bacon, and two or three pounds of beef; my mother had added to them a dozen apples. This was the weekly provision of the best fed scholars of the school. The mistress of the house cooked

for us, and for her trouble, her fire, her lamp, her beds, her lodging, and even the vegetables of her little garden that she furnished for our soup, we gave her twelve-pence half-penny per month; so that, reckoning every thing except my clothes, I might cost my father between four and five pounds a year. This was a great deal for him, and it was an expence I was very anxious to spare him.

The day after my arrival, as I was going in the morning to my lesson, I saw my master at his window, who beckoned me to his chamber. "My son (said he to me), you have need of private instruction and much study to overtake your fellow students: let us begin with the elements, and come hither half an hour before lectures every morning to repeat to me the rules you have learned; in explaining them to you, I will point out to you their use." I went too on that day, but it was for gratitude. In returning him thanks for his kindness, I begged him to add that of sparing me, for some time, the humiliation of hearing my exercises read aloud in the lecture room. He promised it, and I went to my studies.

I cannot express with what tender zeal he undertook the care of instructing me, and what charm he had the art of giving to my lessons. At the bare name of my mother, of whom I sometimes spoke to him, he seemed to breathe her very soul, and when I communicated to him the letters in which maternal love expressed its gratitude to him, tears flowed from his eyes.

With respect to our school, it was particularly characterised by a police exercised by the scholars over themselves. Those who lodged in the same chamber consisted of scholars of different classes, and among them the authority of age or talent, naturally established, put order and rule into our studies and our manners. Thus the boy who, far from his family, appeared when out of school to be abandoned to himself, did not fail to find monitors and censors among his fellow students. They studied together around the same table; it was a circle of witnesses who, under each other's eyes, reciprocally imposed silence and attention.

The idler wearied himself with mute immobility, and was soon tired of his indolence; the dull boy, if diligent, was pitied, aided, encouraged; if they could not admire his talents, they esteemed his willingness; but there was neither pity nor indulgence for the incurable sluggard; and if all who lodged in the same chamber were affected with this vice, they became dishonoured; the whole school despised them, and parents were advised not to put their children there. The inhabitants themselves had therefore a great interest in lodging only studious boys; and I have seen some turned away solely for their indolence and want of discipline. Thus in scarcely one of these

groupes

groupes of children was idleness tolerated; never did amusement or recreation precede study.

A custom, which I have never seen, but in this school, gave, towards the end of the year, redoubled fervour to our studies. To rise from one class to another, it was necessary to undergo a severe examination, and one of the tasks we had to accomplish was a work of memory. According to the class, it was in poetry, some lines of Phædrus, of Ovid, of Virgil, or of Horace; and in prose, parts of Cicero, of Livy, of Quintus Curtius, or of Sallust: the whole, to retain by heart, formed a very considerable mass of study. We began it long before the examination, and that it might not trench on our usual studies, it employed us from day-light to the morning's lesson. We used to do it in the fields, where, divided into bands, each his book in his hand, we went humming along exactly like swarms of bees.

It is painful, in early youth, to tear ourselves from the morning's sleep; but the most diligent of the band roused the more tardy: I myself have frequently been pulled from my bed while still asleep; and if I have since had a little more suppleness and docility in my memory, I owe it to this exercise.

Our scholastic habits were not less distinguished by a spirit of order and domestic economy than by a taste for study. The new-comers, however young, learned from the older boys to be careful of their clothes, their linen, their books, and their provisions. All the pieces of bacon, of beef, or of mutton, that were put into the boiler, were neatly strung like the beads of a chaplet; and if, in the mixture, any debate arose, the mistress of the house decided. As to the more delicate morsels that on certain festivals were sent us by our families, the treat was common, and those who received nothing were not less invited to partake. I recollect with pleasure the delicate attention that the most fortunate of our little troop always observed to prevent the others from feeling this afflicting inequality. When one of these presents arrived, the mistress of the house announced it to us, but she was forbidden to name him who had received it, and he himself would have blushed to have boasted of it. This modest caution was the admiration of my mother when I told it her.

Our amusements were chosen from ancient games; in winter, on the ice, amid the snow; in fine weather, far out in the country, in the heat of the sun; and neither racing, wrestling, boxing, nor the game of quoits, nor the sling, nor the art of swimming, were strangers to us. In the heat of summer, we used to go and bathe more than a league from the town: to the little boys, fishing for crayfish in the rivulets, and to the great boys fishing for eel and trout in the rivers, or catching quails with nets after harvest, were our most lively pleasures; and,

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on our return from a long ramble, woe to the fields where the green peas were not gathered. Not one of us could have been guilty of stealing a pin; but, in our moral code, it had passed into a maxim, that what could be eaten was no theft. I abstained as much as possible from this species of pillage, but, without co-operating in it, it is yet true that I shared it, first in furnishing my contingent of bacon for cooking the peas, and afterward, in eating them with all the accomplices. To do like the rest appeared to me a duty from which I dared not deviate; but I capitulated afterward with my confessor, by restoring my part of the theft in alms.

Clifford and Louisa: Or the Evils of the Vice of Gaming.

A True Story.

(Continued from Page 891.

THE whole party continued abroad for some time, 'till Mr. Mordant's health seemed restored—but, some months after his return to England, he was seized with a disorder, that put a period to his life. His son, a young man of very superior merit, urged Mrs. Mordant to live with him, which she agreed to do, paying frequent visits to her daughter.

Two years elapsed, during which time Clifford and Louisa knew as perfect happiness as can be experienced on earth—though his love of play still remained, and he sometimes lost considerable sums.

The third winter after their marriage brought them to town early, as Louisa expected to be confined before Christmas; she was so, unfortunately was so, for during that period Lord Dorset renewed his former intimacy with Clifford, and engaged him in parties which he might otherwise have shunned—but having acquired sufficient propensity to gambling to feel interested in its destructive allurements, he did not withstand the poisonous bait. One evening having had a party of men at his house, when the bottle had been much too briskly circulated, he accompanied Lord Dorset and some others to the club where they usually met, and he that evening lost forty thousand pounds. He went home at a very late hour; and had he then possessed firmness enough to have revealed the wretched transactions of the evening, they would not have been productive of the dreadful consequences which ensued—but anxious to repair the mischief, he set about doing so, in the manner almost certain of increasing it beyond reparation. The next evening he attended the same party, and, playing with agitation and desperation, he was, as might be expected, a greater loser

than the night before;—one hundred and twenty thousand pounds was now the sum lost in two nights, which, added to what he had at different times lost before—left him, he believed, pennyless. Distraction seized him; he rambled about the streets for a considerable time, and at last went home;—he went immediately into his library which communicated with his wife's apartment—the victim of despair—he uttered a groan—and, seizing a pistol, with the most desperate intentions, levelled it at his head, and had his finger on the trigger, when his wife rushed into the room—the pistol went off:—but he being startled by her sudden entrance, its direction was changed, and the balls went through a glass opposite, which was shivered into a thousand pieces. No description can paint Mrs. Clifford's sensations, nor the ensuing scene—she soon, however, in some degree composed herself, ran to him, and screaming fell at his feet—he stood in an attitude of horror, not knowing what mischief might have been done. When she could articulate, she urged him to reveal the cause of the horrors she had witnessed— but he sunk, unable to utter a word, into a chair:—a long time elapsed before his disordered senses were in any degree recalled; at last, recovering himself, he bent over his poor kneeling wife in an agony of despair. "Oh! why, why," stammered he out, "did you prevent me from ending my woes, my accumulated wretchedness?"—"For mercy's sake, in pity to me, tell me," replied Louisa, sobbing, "tell me the cause, account to me for what I have seen, for what I see—what has occasioned this frenzy?" "I am undone," he cried, "you are undone, I have undone you, my children—all—curse upon the wretches who have brought me to this—yet it is myself I ought to curse." He then told her his situation; at first she was dreadfully shocked, but soon recollecting that she had saved him from the horrid deed, which in another moment must have destroyed him, a glimpse of comfort diffused itself over her mind, and somewhat lightened her oppressed heart;—she endeavoured to calm him, and to give him some consolation, assured him she should never regret the luxuries she should lose, and trusted they should still have enough left out of their fortune to support them decently—if not, she was certain her good brother would assist them Clifford spurned the idea of receiving a maintenance from her brother, but by degrees became much calmer, and listened to her soothing arguments and persuasions; she prevailed upon him to promise immediately to settle his affairs, and to retire into some cheap country, and endeavoured to convince him that he might be happy, if he would but determine to be so, upon ever so small an income. "It was true," she said, "that they must do without the vain luxuries of life, a lesson, she should soon, and not reluctantly learn—and should feel more real happiness in having his constant society, than by

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living in the greatest splendour without it." He burst into a flood of tears, which she rather encouraged; and, by degrees, he became more tranquil, and solemnly promised her to endure those misfortunes that were now inevitable;—she persuaded him to go to bed, and he consented, with a view of being more at liberty to reflect upon his present situation.

When he was alone his remorse returned with violence, but without that desperation which accompanied it before. He resolved to go as soon as possible into the country, to make such arrangements for the disposal of his estates as were necessary, to investigate with accuracy into the state of his property, and to see if he might hope to save any thing.

The day following he received a letter from Lord Dorset claiming his debt, which Clifford immediately acknowledged, and the following morning set out for the country—leaving Louisa, who had undertaken to settle every thing in London, as soon as possible to follow him.

Clifford quitted Louisa with pangs of grief and remorse that no pen can justly delineate; he felt most forcibly the atrocity of his conduct, and the consequences of having suffered a vice to creep upon him which only becomes infatuating by perseverance in it.

Clifford left Louisa with a strict promise to exert his fortitude, and not to sink under his sorrows. She put up the most ardent prayers for his safety—and was beginning to arrange her affairs, when a servant told her that a gentleman desired to speak to her upon very particular business. She hesitated whether she should see him; but upon thinking that it might be something of importance to Clifford, she went to the room into which he had been shewn. The moment she entered her heart sickened at the sight of Lord Dorset, and she was retreating, when he caught her hand, and implored her to hear him for one moment. In extreme agitation, she burst into tears, and begged to know for what purpose he wished to see one whom he had so greatly injured. He dropped on his knee, and in the most passionate manner assured her, that to give her a moment's pain would be torture to himself—that he came to beg she would allow him the happiness of being useful to her, and he should think himself honoured if she would deign to accept of any thing from him; that he understood Clifford was gone into the country, but he hoped she would be prevailed upon to accept whatever sums she immediately wanted. "The interest," continued Lord Dorset, "I feel for your welfare, you cannot be surprised at;" he looked at her with great expression, and again seizing her hand, said—"The sentiments I felt for Miss Mordant glow as warmly in my bosom for Mrs. Clifford; and, if she will condescend to make me her banker, *she* shall never

suffer any inconvenience from the good fortune that attended me two nights ago."

Indignation almost choaked Louisa; her head became giddy, and she staggered to a chair. Lord Dorset again seized her hand, and endeavoured to put his arm round her waist, by way of supporting her. Tears came to her relief; she exclaimed, endeavouring to disengage herself from him, "how dare you insult me in such a manner, and thereby add to the misfortunes you have been the occasion of? Is it not sufficient that to you we owe, my beloved Clifford and I owe, the ruin of our fortunes? What other evil do you meditate against us? Leave me, my lord, and never again shock me with your presence, unless you wish to drive me to distraction."—"It is in your power, Madam," returned Lord Dorset, "to bring about any arrangement you chuse, provided you will shew me even the slightest degree of such partiality as reigns in my breast towards you."—"Shock me not," exclaimed Louisa, "with such horrid sentiments; all I request," continued she, in an agony not to be described, "is, that you will quit the house, and never attempt to see me again."

Lord Dorset fell on his knees, and was going to answer, when the door was thrown open, and Clifford appeared in the most violent agitation. "Scoundrel—scoundrel," exclaimed he, "this is more than can be borne—quit this room instantly;"—and, taking him by the arm, threw him almost out of it. Lord Dorset, not prepared for such an attack, was totally unable to withstand it, and yielded to its force. Louisa screamed, and fell almost senseless upon the sofa. Clifford took her in his arms, and by degrees brought her to herself. He urged her to tell him every circumstance that had happened, and every word that had been said, which, fearing the consequences, she wished to have concealed;—but, finding that he had overheard all the latter part of their conversation, she, making as light of it as possible, gave him the outline of all that had passed, at the same time entreating him, with the most earnest supplications, to consider her, and take no notice of what had happened.—He replied, that such a villain was but little worth any one's notice. He then accounted for his unexpected return, from having, in the confusion of his mind, forgotten some necessary papers; and, as it was so late, he should defer his journey 'till the next morning, but must see his lawyer, and would be back with her by dinner. *(To be concluded in our next.)*

An Anecdote.

In the institution of Saint Catharine at Petersburgh, for the education of girls, under the direction of Madame Bredkoff,

an elderly lady of distinguished talents, and sweetness of disposition, the following little circumstance occurred, which will prove that the Russian mind, whatever may have been said of it, is susceptible of feeling and generosity. In this institution, which is supported by the empress-dowager, a limited number only of young ladies are admitted, free of expence, by ballot; but others are received upon paying, as it is termed, a pension. At the last admission, two little girls, the eldest not exceeding ten years of age, the daughter of a naval captain, who in this country is noble, the father of a large family, presented themselves, and drew, the one a prize, the other a blank. Although so young, they knew that fate had, in this manner, resolved upon their separation; they felt it, and wept. Another young lady, to whom the next chance devolved, drew a prize, and observing the distress of the sisters, without holding any communication with their parents, or with any other person, spontaneously ran up to the luckless little girl, presented her with the ticket, and leading her up to the directress, said, "See, Madam, I have drawn a prize, but my papa can afford to pay the pension, and I am sure will pay it for me; pray let one who is less fortunate, enjoy the good that has happened to me." This charming anecdote was immediately reported to the empress-dowager, who expressed the highest delight, and paid, out of her own purse, the pension of the little benefactress.

Excellent Regulations enforced by the late Lord Nelson effectually to preserve the Health of the Seamen and Marines on board his Fleet.

FROM an official account of the state of health in Lord Nelson's fleet, manned with from 6000 to 8000 seamen and marines, during two years campaign in the Mediterranean and West-Indies, it appears that the total number of deaths on board were 100; of men sent to the hospital, 141; and of the medium number on the sick lists, 190; or 18 to each ship, nearly. The following causes are assigned by Dr. Gillespie, the physician to the fleet, for the high state of health in which it has been preserved, unexampled perhaps in any squadron heretofore employed on a foreign station:—

1. To the attention paid by his lordship to the victualling and purveying for the fleet, in causing good wholesome wine to be used in room of spirits; fresh beef as often as it could possibly be procured; vegetables and fruit were always provided in a sufficient quantity, when they could be purchased; and an abundant

abundant supply of excellent sweet water was always allowed to the ship's company.

2. The ships were preserved, as far as possible, from the baneful effects of humidity, by avoiding the wetting the decks, (at least between the decks) by the use of stoves and ventilators below.

3. The constant activity and motion in which the fleet was preserved, being always at sea, and never exposed to the consequences of the idleness and intemperance which too often take place on board of ships lying in harbour, may doubtless be assigned as a principal cause of the good state of the health of the crews of this fleet.

4. Intemperance and skulking were never so little practised in any fleet as in this, as ships were rarely or never in port; the opportunity of procuring spirits, or going to an hospital, by imposing on the surgeon, were difficult or impossible, hence these causes of disease were subtracted.

5. Cheerfulness amongst the men was promoted by music and dancing, and theatrical amusements; the example of which was given by the commander in chief in the Victory, and may with reason be reckoned amongst the causes of the preservation of the health of the men.

6. The sick were in general very comfortably accommodated, lodged in airy sick births, in many ships placed on a regular sick diet, and supplied with live stock, vegetables, fruit, soft bread, macaroni, and other articles of diet and refreshments, whenever the circumstances of the service, and the situation of the fleet, would admit of these supplies being furnished.

7. By a standing order of the commander in chief, Peruvian bark, mixed in wine or spirits, was regularly served to the men employed in the wooding and watering service; a drachm of Peruvian bark to one gill of spirits, or two of wine, was the proportion allowed for each man; to be administered in divided proportions, on going on shore, and on returning on board. The method followed was to give the bark in a small quantity of wine or spirits, and to wash it down with a glass of wine or spirits, mixed with an equal proportion of water; it was found that the spirits answered better as a vehicle for the bark than the wine, as was experienced on board some of the ships, in which wine had been used, but afterwards left off, and spirits were used in lieu thereof. By the returns made by the respective surgeons of the ships to the physician to the fleet, reporting on the efficacy of this mode of prevention of the fevers, which might have been occasioned in consequence of the fatigue and exposure to the weather, and immersion in water by the seamen in wooding and watering; it fully appears that the practice entirely obviated every ill effect which might have been occasioned with regard to the health of the wooding and watering parties;

and that it effectually prevented the occurrence of fevers, whether intermittent or continued. This is the more worthy of remark, as it is well known to experienced officers in the navy, that on foreign stations sickness very often finds its way into ships of war, from the wooding and watering parties being first attacked by fevers, in consequence of fatigue and exposure, which fevers often spread amongst the ship's company, and become a formidable and epidemic disease.

Original Letter from the Earl of Essex to Queen Elizabeth, on his being sent to Ireland.

TO THE QUEEN.

FROM a mind delighting in sorrow; from spirits wasted with passion; from a heart torn in pieces with care, grief, and travail; from a man that hateth himself, and all things else that keepeth him alive, what service can your majesty expect? Since any service past, deserves no more than banishment and proscription into the cursedest of islands, it is your rebel's pride and succession, that must give me leave to ransom myself out of this hateful prison, this loathed body, which, if it happen so, your majesty shall have no cause to dislike the fashion of my death, since the course of my life could never please you.

"Happy he could finish fourth his fate,
In some unhaunted desart, most obscure
From all society, from love and hate
Of worldly folk, then should he sleep secure;
Then wake again, and yield God ever praise,
Content with hips and haws and bramble-berry;
In contemplation passing out his days,
And change of holy thoughts to make him merry;
Who, when he dies, his tomb may be a bush,
Where harmless robin dwells with gentle thrush."

Your majesty's exiled servant,

ESSEX.

SKETCH *of the* KING *of the* SANDWICH ISLANDS.

[From Turnbull's Voyage round the World.]

THE Sandwich Islands are at this period under the dominion of Tamahama, another Bonaparte and Peter the great conjoined in one, who is at once extending his power over all

all his neighbours, and urging forward the civilization of his people with amazing activity. All the Sandwich Islands are now reduced under his power, with the exception of two small ones to the northward, which are still held by the rightful king, a prince rendered moderate and just by adversity.

Among other remarkable particulars of this unfortunate monarch, our author mentions that he spoke the English language with considerable ease. He professed a high regard for the British nation; and as a proof of it had taken to himself the name of *King George*; and to his children, who were numerous, he had given those of the present royal family of England, beginning with the prince of Wales, and descending to the youngest branch of that family.

This prince and his followers have, by the assistance of some Englishmen residing among them, constructed a ship in which they intend to emigrate to China, or to some other island, in case Tamahama should invade and overpower them.

Tamahama is one of those remarkable characters which owing to a combination of fortunate circumstances become as it were landmarks in the history of their species.

We shall extract the account given of him for the entertainment of our readers:—

"His palace is built after the European style, of brick, and glazed windows, having European and American artificers about him of almost every description. Indeed his own subjects, from their intercourse with Europeans, have acquired a great knowledge of several of the mechanical arts, and have thus enabled him to increase his navy, a very favourite object with him. I have no doubt that in a very few years he will erect amongst these islands a power very far from despicable.

"The circumstances of this enterprising chief were greatly changed since the visit of Captain Vancouvre, to whom, as to the servant and representative of the king of Great Britain, with much formality and ceremony, he had made a conveyance of the sovereignty of Owhyhee, in the hopes of being thus more strongly confirmed in his authority, and supplied with the means of resisting his enemies.

"His dominion seems now to be completely established. He is not only a great warrior and politician, but a very acute trader, and a match for any European in driving a bargain. He is well acquainted with the different weights and measures, and the value which all articles ought to bear in exchange with each other: and is ever ready to take the advantage of the necessities of those who apply to him or his people for supplies.

"His subjects have already made considerable progress in civilization; but are held in the most abject submission, as Tamahama

mahama is inflexible in punishing all offences which seem to counteract his supreme command.

" It was only in 1792 that Captain Vancouvre laid down the keel of Tamahama's first vessel, or rather craft; but so assiduously has he applied himself to effect his grand and favourite object, the establishment of a naval force, that at the period of our arrival he had upwards of twenty vessels of different sizes, from twenty-five to fifty tons; some of them were even copper-bottomed.

" He was, however, at this time much in want of naval stores; and, to have his navy quickly placed on a respectable footing, would pay well for them. He has also a certain number of body-guards to attend him, independently of the number of chiefs who are required to accompany him on all his journeys and expeditions.

" In viewing this man, my imagination suggested to me that I beheld in its first progress one of those extraordinary natures which, under other circumstances of fortune and situation, would have ripened into the future hero, and caused the world to redound with his feats of glory. What other was Philip of Macedon, as pictured by the Grecian historians? a man who overcame every disadvantage of slight resources and powerful rivals, and extended the narrow sovereignty of Macedon into a universal monarchy of Greece, and the known world.

Some convicts from Botany Bay, having effected their escape to the Sandwich Islands, rendered themselves at first serviceable to Tamahama, and, in recompence, were put in possession of small portions of land for cultivation. On these they raised some sugar-canes, and at last contrived to distil a sort of spirits, with which they entertained each other by turns, keeping birth-days and other holidays; until Tamahama, finding that such festivities greatly retarded his work, made some gentle representations on the subject.

" This lenity, however, producing no good effect, but the drinking, idleness, and quarrels among the new settlers, seeming rather to become more frequent than before, and their insolence being carried so far as to insult and maltreat many of the natives, Tamahama gave the strangers to understand, that in their next fighting party he would make one of the company, and see who could best acquit himself on the occasion. This hint produced the desired effect: the Botany Bay settlers were soon brought into complete submission, and a due sense of their situation.

" These particulars were collected from Mr. Young; a man of strict veracity, who, having been long in the country, had the best opportunities to know the truth. He had been long in the confidence of Tamahama, whose fortunes he has constantly followed from the beginning, and who gives him daily

proofs of the sincerity of his attachment. He added, that for several years Tamahama had adopted it as a rule, to request from all Europeans who touched within his dominions, a certificate or testimonial of his good conduct towards them; but that now considering his character for honesty and civility to be established, he no longer deems such certificates of any important use.

"Tamahama's ardent desire to obtain a ship from Captain Vancouvre, was in all probability first excited by the suggestions of Young and his countryman Davis; but such was the effect of this undertaking, that Tamahama became immediately more sparing of his visits on board the Discovery; his time being now chiefly employed in attending to the carpenters at work on this new man of war, which, when finished, was named the Britannia. This was the beginning of Tamahama's navy; and from his own observations, with the assistance of Messrs. Young, Davis, &c. he has laboured inflexibly in improving his marine force, until he has brought it to its present perfection; securing to him not only a decided superiority over the frail canoes of his neighbours, but the means of transporting his warriors to distant parts.

"Some of his vessels are employed as transports in carrying provisions from one island to another to supply his warriors; whilst the largest are used as men of war, and are occasionally mounted with a few light guns.

"No one better understands his interest than this ambitious chief: no one better knows how to improve an original idea. The favours of Vancouvre would have been thrown away on any other savage; but Tamahama possesses a genius above his situation.

"His body-guards, who may be considered in some respects as regularly disciplined troops, go on duty and relieve each other as in Europe, calling out *all is well* at every half hour, as on board ship. Their uniform at this time was simply a blue great-coat, with yellow facings.

"With other things which Tamahama has learned by intercourse with Europeans, he has acquired a relish for our spirits, so that some navigators have exchanged their rum with him to very good account; sometimes when his stock of liquor is exhausted, he employs the Europeans settled in his dominions to extract spirits from the sugar-canes, which grow there of an excellent quality.

"When Tamahama means to relax from his serious occupations, he invites his own wives and those of his chiefs to share his regale of spirits, which in its operation seldom fail to create disputes and even quarrels among the ladies, to the great entertainment of the master of the feast, and the other male guests.'

ACCOUNT

ACCOUNT *of the* ELEPHANT.

THE Sieur Brüe, in his Travels along the Western Coast of Africa, informs us that some Frenchmen in sailing up the river Kurbali, in a boat, found an elephant fast in the mud, which they hoped, in consequence, to make an easy prize. When they got near they fired at him with their muskets, but the balls only served to enrage the animal. The elephant, fixed as he was in the mud, had no other means of avenging himself than by filling his trunk with muddy water, and pouring it in a torrent upon his assailants. This was so often repeated, that the men were at length obliged to row off, in order to empty their boat of the mud. In the mean time, continues the writer, with the aid of a strong flood setting down the river, the animal was enabled to swim in safety to the shore, and escape.

He says that the elephants lie in the mud of the river sometimes in herds of forty, fifty, or upwards. This, as he conjectures, is for the purpose of cooling and refreshing themselves. He asserts that they scarcely take any notice of travellers as they pass by them, unless the latter are rash enough to fire at and wound any of them, in which case they are sometimes known to become dangerous enemies.

According to the account of Captain Hawkins, written about the year 1608, and published in Purchas's Pilgrims, the great mogul kept at that time no fewer than three hundred elephants in the royal stables. These were, at certain times, all brought before him, richly clad in trappings of cloth of gold or velvet. They were so well trained and managed, that Hawkins says he saw the king command one of his sons, a boy only seven years old, to go to one of the elephants for the purpose of being lifted up in his trunk. The animal performed this part by taking the child from the ground, and placing him in the hands of one of his keepers. He afterwards, on being ordered, did the same to several other children which were present.

Smith, in the Account of his Voyage to Guinea (performed in the early part of last century), informs us that the motion of the elephant in the water is so swift that no ten-oared boat could be able to keep pace with it. He says that the elephants fed principally on a sort of fruit not unlike a papaw, which grows wild in several parts of Guinea. This fruit is found in abundance upon Tasso island, and the elephants often swim over thither from the continent, for the purpose of eating it.

REFLECTION.

A Religious principle is the only security that a human being can have for a consistent and rational conduct.

TREE OYSTER.

IN the river Gambia, on the west coast of Africa, there are a great many tree oysters. The banks of the river being lined with mangroves, these fasten themselves to the roots, and at low water they are left bare, and are seen hanging from thence. It was from this mode of attaching themselves that some writers have asserted of the same kind of oysters in America, that they perched upon the trees. The negroes, in gathering them, cut off the branches of the roots to which the oysters are fastened. A single root is sometimes known to bear more than two hundred; and if it has several branches, a cluster is formed which one man would find it difficult to carry. The shells of these oysters differ from those of the European species, in being longer, narrower, and thinner; but in the flavour there is said to be no essential difference.

NEW MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.

A Person, whose name is Maslousky, a Polish clock-maker, has exhibited, at Berlin, a new musical instrument, called a koelison. It consists of a sound board, on which the usual system of wires of the piano are fixed. Between these wires are small wooden cylinders, which being put into motion, communicate their vibrations to the wires. The tones are said to be so soft and enchanting that the harmonica does not equal them; the forte and piano are given in every imaginable gradation, and the whole effect is surprizing.

SPECIMEN *of* ORTHOGRAPHY.

B——, October 17, 1804.

J—— B—— as aser death in tent too macke his apeal againest the Charge that is laid agaientes him for the ased taxes.

J—— B——.

A QUESTION, *by Thomas Bullock, of St. Columb.*

GIVEN, to divide one hundred into two such parts, that the sum of the greater and less, be to the sum of their squares in the ratio of 50 to 2789.

Answer, by J. James, of Hinton St. George, to P. Gove's Charade, inserted the 16th of September.

THE NEWS PAPER we scan with pleasure,
When fraught with news of England's treasure.

☞ We have received the like answer from Adrianus; W. Cussens, and F. Symes, of Bristol; W. Commins, of Exeter; T. Gill, officer of excise near Wells; W. Pollard, of Eglosshayle; J. Woodman, junior, of North Curry; T. Wotton, of Newton Bushel; H. Lewan, of Grampound; Palemon, of Mevagissey; S. C. Moore, of Horswell House; H Glasson, of Clowen; R. Perring, of Kingsbridge; W. Mann, of Launceston; a north country sailor at Exmouth; and T. Bullock, of St. Columb.

Answer, by J. Butler, of Tiverton, to J. Colmer's Rebus, inserted September 16.

TIGER's the beast that I reveal,
Which you in vain try'd to conceal.

*** Similar answers have been received from W. Bickham, jun. of Ashburton; John Woodman, jun. of North Curry; J. E ——; J. and P. Codd, of Dean Prior; J. Lake, of Exeter; R. Perring, of Kingsbridge; a north country sailor at Exmouth; and T. Bullock, of St. Columb.

A REBUS, *by T. W. Z.*

A Trojan by a serpent slain;
A mount near Troy you'll next explain;
A quadruped you now will find;
A furious beast pray bring to mind;
A foreign beast will next appear;
The monarch of the sea declare:
The initials join'd in order true,
A town in Albion comes to view.

A CHARADE, *by P. Gove, of Exeter.*

YE skilful bards, my first you should display,
Impartial, pure, correct, and ever sound;
For know by it your knowledge you'll convey,
Your penetration, and your thoughts profound.

And while old time pursues its rapid flight,
And the vast orb illumes this earthly ball;
While the pale moon irradiates the night,
Improve my next—ere the vast fabric falls.

In contemplation view the awful scene,
Attendant on my most important whole;
And may we all, with consciences serene,
The wreck of nature without fear behold.

☞ *The letter signed* "ANGLICANUS," *is omitted on account of its being written on a worn-out subject of religious controversy, which is not suitable to the plan of the Entertainer. His favours on other topics will receive an early attention.*

*** *The assertion of* "A Constant Reader," *that the answer inserted the 30th of September to the rebus by S. Streatham, which appeared July 22, is not the true one, is groundless. The answer is certainly the right one.* "A Constant Reader" *should have paid the postage.*

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

On the Death of Mr. Jacob Melhuish, Surgeon and Apothecary at Tiverton, which was occasioned by his charitable Attendance on a poor Family in a dangerous Fever, in October, 1805.

FROM lighter griefs, long foster'd in my breast,
Arise, my soul, to heavier sorrows run,
Go where MELHUISH joins the mould'ring dust,
Where meek humanity weeps o'er her son.

Late to the dismal dwelling of despair,
With fierce contagion's blackest poison fill'd,
Where the sad victims groan'd a ceaseless pray'r,
And none approach'd the wish'd relief to yield;

To this dark cot of misery and woe,
While death was hovering, hope's last ray was flown,
To pour the healing balm Melhuish flew,
And gave them life by forfeiting his own.

Now dead that hand, which to misfortune's child
The salutary aid would oft impart;
Pale is that countenance whose cheering smile
Inspir'd with hope the suffering female's heart.

From deeds like these, from friendship often prov'd,
By every tender action love could crave;
From wife endear'd, from little children* lov'd,
He's borne along unto the silent grave.

Dear infant mourners, while your bleeding hearts
Beat hard with woes you ne'er before could feel,
Know that tho' God affliction's rod imparts,
He still is just, and often strikes to heal.

Oft 'mid the sorrows of my woe-fraught youth,
Has suffering nature sunk in groans and tears;
As oft I've prov'd this soul-consoling truth,
That in affliction Heaven's best boon appears.

So while Melhuish dealt compassion's meed,
To death or danger paying no regard,
Lo Heaven, well-pleas'd, beheld the glorious deed,
And quickly call'd him to its high reward.

* Seven.

Calverleigh. J. F. Q.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

ABSENCE.

HEAV'NS! what a weight of woe is this!
How sad the tedious moments prove!
Fled are the golden dreams of bliss,
The smiles of beauty and of love.

Lost is the form that charm'd me oft
When evening ting'd the glowing west;
And lost the voice that, sweetly soft,
Sooth'd all the sorrows of my breast.

Ah happy swains! that still remain
Where Anna's matchless charms appear,
Ye little dream how fierce the pain
Of absence from a nymph so fair.

Yet love, celestial love, inspires,
My faithful heart with joy serene,
Still cherishes my fond desires,
And gilds with hope the dreary scene.

HENRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

ORIGINAL STANZAS.

TELL me, infant, tell me why
Thus so plaintively you cry?
Whence the cause of all your tears?
Flow they from your childish fears?

Tell me, tell me, little dear,
That your bosom I may cheer!
Is it hunger, cold, or pain,
Thus compels you to complain?

Tell me, little, mourning maid,
Tell me, and be not afraid?
To your wants I'll give relief,
Dry your tears, and sooth your grief.

Yes, my little, mourning friend,
Bid your infant suff'rings end!
Come with me, O come away!
I'll your rig'rous fate allay.

Child! I'll place you by the fire,
Bid the winds and storms retire,
Give you food of tend'rest choice,
Bid your little heart rejoice.

And when all is peace serene,
One delightful, happy scene,
Timely teach you how to soar
To where suff'rings are no more.

Sherborne. B. AYRES.

DUBLIN ACADEMICKS.

TWO doctors, in grave, mathematical mood,
Both fellows of Trinity College,
In learn'd disquisition late arguing stood,
Each proving the depth of his knowledge.
At length, with a face in solemnity clad,
Your mother, dear doctor, (says one,)
Two daughters, I very well recollect, had—
But pray,—had she ever—a son?
Why doctor, 'tis so long ago (says the other,)
In truth, I have almost forgot;
Tho' as to your question respecting my mother,
I rather believe—she had not!

PHILOMATHEMATOS.